

[Verse 1]

Who is it? The mothaf\*\*kin' D-O-G  
Still spittin' game over tight-a\*\* beats  
Get the money 'cause the fame ain't nothin' to me  
I be the tightest one servin' but it's never for free  
I seen many die on these streets fo' sho'  
Over money, wrong looks, cocaine, and ho  
Where friendship blows in the wind like dust  
See, they used to be yo homies but they ready to bust  
You can't trust no man, but some might try  
See them come, see them go, see them drop like fly  
How many of them fail, just a few succeed  
Where fantasy is real and what's real is a dream?  
And I been in this game and I done dirt, too  
Still down for the struggle but I can't be fooled  
Every brother ain't a brother, ain't a damn thing new  
Need to take your Million Man March a\*\* to school  
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?  
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[Verse 2]

They say change is the only thing that stays the same  
Take a look around and see how many remain  
I'm a vet up in this here, still ten years deep  
Gettin' cash, spittin' game over tight-a\*\* beats  
Everybody nowadays wanna come up quick  
Young soldiers hit licks who can suck on d\*\*ks  
But dirt gun in the dark comes the light  
Young n\*\*\*a got AIDS 'cause the kitty was right  
Now what you know, and what you see?  
And where you from, and who you be?  
'Cause everybody got skeletons in the cut

And peace to the homies in the pen locked up  
I said, it's like a jungle sometimes, it made me wonder  
How I keep from going under, who gone be the one the  
Change things 'cause it seem ain't no hope  
Scratch his name off the list if he come up short  
And tell

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[Verse 3]

They say the world keep turnin' and life goes on  
Some others start slippin' while some stay strong  
The old pain goes away with the pa\*\*age of time  
P-Dog is on the mic, still spittin' the rhyme  
And if you ask me, you know I couldn't be much help  
Real n\*\*\*as understand, gotta do for yourself  
'Cause ain't nothin' comin' if you don't apply  
And don't nobody really care if n\*\*\*as' livin' or dyin'  
I fold up them up like a crease, breeze through the weak fleas  
On my sack gets scratched, now who's who in this rap game  
Late pa\*\* on my haters 'cause I still blitz them  
Shoulda kept ya mouth shut 'cause you got it twisted  
Real soldiers don't die, we just re-adjust  
While some might try, they can't touch this  
Street soldier with a capital S  
P-Dog sayin', "F\*\*k the rest!"  
Tell me is it really real

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[Outro]

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